



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

lish prose is merely indicated. He saw *Almayer* and took a brooding interest in the man's strange psychology. He began to write about him and here and there, line by line, on his travels and in his vacations the story of *Almayer's Folly* took form.

In the *Personal Record* are all the flaws as well as all the splendors and wonders of Conrad's writing. He leads us hither and yon, from his middle-aged life at sea back to his early boyhood; he lingers over old memories and traditions of his ancestral home and describes several generations of his family. And here and there in the woof of the story are those haunting bits of vision, those glowing and gorgeously colored bits that give the distinctive quality to his work—echoes of the sea, the wind's ways, hints of an almost religious literary creed. He says:

"The power of sound has always been greater than the power of sense. I do not say this by way of disparagement. It is better for mankind to be impressionable than reflective. Nothing humanely great—great, I mean, as effecting a whole mass of lives—has come by reflection. On the other hand, you cannot fail to see the power of mere words; such words as glory, for instance, or pity."

This is the utterance of the literary artist. Of the creative artist we may get some idea when he describes an interruption in his study:

"All I know is that for twenty months, neglecting the common joys that fall to the lot of the humblest on this earth, I had, like the prophet of old, 'wrestled with the Lord' for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the placid gulf, the light on the snows, the clouds in the sky, and for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile. These are perhaps strong words, but it is difficult to characterize otherwise the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world and all that makes life really lovable and gentle—something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting somber stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn. For that, too, is the wrestling of men with the might of their Creator, in a great isolation from the world, without the amenities and consolations of life, a lonely struggle under a sense of overmatched littleness for no reward that could be adequate, but for the mere winning of a longitude."

Whoever has loved *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *Lord Jim* will read this *Personal Record* for just what he found in the novels; for the dignity and power of words, for the great free sense of the sweeping cosmic forces, and for the penetrating pity, yet stoic and unyielding, with which the evanescent destinies of man are handled.

THE CENTENARY THACKERAY. Twenty volumes. Illustrated by Harry Furniss, Thackeray, Doyle, Walker, Cruikshank, Leech. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1911.

The new edition of Thackeray's works is well called the Harry Furniss edition. Mr. Furniss is that rare artist, the real illustrator, who not only keeps true to the text, but illuminates it. He has caught the author's spirit so fully that his drawings—and there are more than a hundred of

them—stand uninjured beside the original illustrations which are included and which through long association seem really essential to Thackeray's pages. Mr. Furniss limits Thackeray's own illustrations to *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *The Virginians*, and the work for *Punch*. He maintains that practically all the other drawings, as for the Christmas books, are so altered in the finishing that Thackeray's part amounts only to an original suggestion. In Mr. Furniss's prefaces to each volume are reproduced many of the original designs, and with these before us and the pictures by Doyle and Walker the discussion of Thackeray as an artist and of his contemporary illustrators is vividly interesting. For all his frankly stated dislikes of this and that, and his disagreement on various points with Mr. Melville, his co-laborer, Mr. Furniss has shown an appreciative respect for the work of his forerunners. He has adopted Richard Doyle's Colonel, without whom the pages of *The Newcomes* would surely lose something of their grace. For *Vanity Fair* he uses Thackeray's idea of the puppets, his pictures carrying always the sense that "all the world's a stage." For the *Rose and the Ring* he ventures but a single drawing, one worthily comic indeed, but placed deferentially aside from Thackeray's delightful portraits of the Court of Paphlagonia. For the most part, however, he treats his subjects freely and with fine originality. It is hard to fancy anything more characteristic, to take the pictures that chance first to mind, than the wonderful series of single-figure drawings for *Barry Lyndon*.

Mr. Furniss makes whimsical use of the likeness of the author, after the fashion of Thackeray himself. *The Roundabout Papers* are so illustrated and there are many such designs scattered through the volumes as that in *The Virginians*, where the writer, grim-visaged, looks up from his writing to growl at a pleading maiden, "No doubt, my dear young lady, I am calumniating Harry according to my custom." Another is in *Pendennis*. The author holds a tiny footman, a fine Jeames Yellowplush, upon his outstretched palm. Below is the legend: "Nothing is secret. Take it as a rule that John knows everything."

In this edition are gathered various little volumes of stray papers that have been published within the last few years; early books which have been known in complete form only in the rare first editions; and many papers and drawings that have never before been reprinted. Some of these little known papers will doubtless remain little known. They are of value to the student and to the devout for whom Thackeray's every line is of worth. To the general reader many of the early skits once welcomed to the columns of *Punch* will be quite without interest. The literary criticism will be valueless to him, and the labored humor of such papers as "Miss Tickletohy's Lectures on English History" he will pass by. But there is real charm in much of this 'prentice work, and much holds promise of the power that sprang suddenly forth in *Vanity Fair*, while as documents showing the development of a genius these miscellanies are of immense interest.

The political cartoons and satires will be a surprise to those who have looked on Thackeray's wish to represent Oxford as a curious freak. In truth, the young Thackeray was a violent partisan, with opinions ready on most of the events of the political arena. The heat, the bitterness even, of some of these papers but show again how human was his char-

acter, how youthful his faults, how easily his pen ran away with him in early days. It was a phase in which he himself took no pride. He never ceased to look askance at his *Book of Snobs*. He apologized in later days for criticisms that seemed witty enough at their writing, and he regretted heartily the reprinting of some of these fragments in the first American edition of his works. The change wrought by the years in his youthful intolerance is perhaps by nothing better evidenced than by his courtesy to the Appleton firm, before whom he was helpless, and the gracious preface with which he set out their edition. Like friends met unexpectedly beneath one roof, one greets many of these minor works. Here are the *Comic Tales and Sketches*, which nobody noticed in their first brown binding, but which are good reading seventy years later. No one cared for the inimitable designs of *Flore et Zephyre*, either, and they mark nearly the close of Thackeray's attempt to devote himself to art. Here is the little essay on "English Landscape Artists," written to sell the engravings of his friend Marvy and good to see just because it stands for the myriad kindly deeds that made Thackeray so loved a man.

The bibliographical notes by Mr. Melville prefixed to each volume are clear and full. They form a complete history of Thackeray's work and, indeed, an excellent biography. Or rather, they might were they arranged according to any plan. Twenty large volumes is an appalling amount of literature to stand upon the shelf unnumbered and unindexed and arranged without reference to chronological order. The miscellaneous papers and drawings, mostly of date before 1848, are placed wherever there is room. Early prefaces are separated from the books to which they belong apparently for no other reason than that they have not for some time been printed with them. One suspects there is no better reason for this mingling of early and late, serious and comic, long and short, than the publisher's desire for books of a uniform thickness. To have the complete work of a writer, in the order in which it was produced, is to see the growth of his mind, the perfecting of his art. Mr. Furniss's art has made this a most delightful edition. Mr. Melville's scholarship makes it authoritative. With such skill as this at command, it is more than a pity that no way was found of reducing order out of what seems at times extraordinarily like chaos.

THE MADRAS HOUSE. By GRANVILLE BARKER. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1912.

Like all the serious young dramatists of the day, Granville Barker is preoccupied with life and what he puts forth is primarily not art, but propaganda. Thought-inspiring and provocative in the highest degree, one yet resents the young dramatist's giving us a play in which in the opening act six young ladies appear, are all minutely described, and then disappear utterly from the play and are only once referred to in the last scene to point a moral.

Granville Barker retains in this play all his power of pointed and able characterization. He flashes forth a temperament in a phrase with amazing brilliancy. He handles dialogue with consummate grace and is a master of ironic portraiture. But alas! when he has written a play, it is